

## TALK WITH A RING

Beauties of Speech by Oratorical Giants

## IN REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS

Lincoln and Douglas' Great Debate.  
Magnificent Nominating Orations.  
Very Noted Party Speakers.

I was a mere lad when, for the first and last time, I saw Stephen A. Douglas. He was then making his famous campaign against Abraham Lincoln, and the speech I heard was delivered at Chicago in the presence of at least 15,000 people. The orator threw his head back, inflated his mighty lungs to their full capacity and talked slowly. As a consequence, every word reached the ears of the most distant listener in solemn, stately cadence, forceful with dignity and power. Then followed the immortal "Little Giant," a contrast in every way to the "Splitter." His tall, ungainly form, his mournful face and cavernous eyes attracted attention where the solid frame and Roman majesty of his competitor had demanded deference. Douglas' voice had roared forth like the boom of minute guns; that of Lincoln seemed as mellow as the sweet and silvery tones of a bugle call, and each in turn moved the vast audience by the magic of his genius.

Those were the glorious old days of "joint debates" in the west, and I remember with even more distinctness than the Lincoln-Douglas controversy, the verbal duel waged in the campaign of 1864 by John A. Logan and T. Lytle Dickey. The former was fresh from the scene of war, with all the glories of a victorious general clustered about his brow. "The slogan of the iron-hearted Logan" had sounded on many a strewn field, and the Republicans of Illinois swore by him then, as they continued to do until the hour of his lamented death. He spoke as he had fought. He regarded grammar as a rule as little as he had previously revered the book of tactics, but he had won on the battlefield and he won on the stump, for he hit straight from the shoulder, and his tremendous earnestness overcame all opposition. Yet it was restful and charming, though not convincing, after one of "Black Jack's" sledge hammer speeches to drink in the graceful, scholarly and often sarcastic remarks of Dickey. He wielded the delicate but piercing blade of Saladin, while Logan's weapon was the big two-handed sword of Richard the Lion Hearted.

However, the political speeches that are to live in the history of the Republican party were yet to be delivered, and as I have before noted they have been made on behalf of the vanquished and not of the victors. Who that witnessed it can ever forget the electric enthusiasm produced by Ingalls' advocacy of Blaine at the Cincinnati convention of 1876? "Who," asked some one near the reporters' table, "is that Illinois man, Ingalls?" A Chicago scribe answered, "He's a Peoria lawyer 'who doesn't believe in God and who can talk like an angel." "Gosh," was all the comment made by this unknown victim to the power of eloquence.

Again a Republican nominating convention, and again a struggle of giants; this time, 1880, place, Chicago. So vividly it is impressed on my memory that I can close my eyes and see it all once more. Up the aisle strides Roscoe Conkling, tawny maned as a lion, instructed as a tiger, as determined to win as a bulldog, and yet so gracefully courteous in that haughty way which seemed part and parcel of his splendid physique and masterful intellect. Then the speech and the fight of the 306, as stubborn as any of the contests Grant's soldiers waged for him in the Wilderness. I can also see Garfield eulogizing Sherman and pleading with the delegates to "hear him for his cause." Later on, the climax and the tragedy. State flags waving over the head of the chosen man from the Western Reserve; election, inauguration, Grant, Elberton, the tomb. Although I listened to Lockwood's speech nominating Cleveland in 1884, and to the eloquence poured out on behalf of the various candidates at the Republican convention of 1888, I shall always recall most vividly that great political battle of 1880 when Ulysses S. Grant first suffered defeat in peace or war.

Viewed from nearly any standpoint, one who studies the subject must arrive at the conclusion that oratory is a product of the American soil; men seem to spring full armed with eloquence from the earth like the fabred warriors of old. And the long speeches are not what survive. The heart of the patriot thrills rather at the repetition of some sentence that stands for courage, loyalty or high purpose. Hence we love to apply the old school statesman's term to the stars and stripes and refer to our banner as "Old Glory," to remember that Dix said, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" to cherish Lincoln's assertion that this is "a government of the people, by the people and for the people," and to keep in mind Garfield's famous utterance when Booth's bullet had done its work, "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives."

FRED C. DAYTON.

## INGERSOLL NAMES BLAINE.

The famous speech at the Cincinnati Convention of 1876.

Massachusetts may be satisfied with the loyalty of Benjamin H. Brewster; so am I; but if any man nominated by this convention cannot carry the state of Massachusetts, I am not satisfied with the loyalty of that state. If the nominee of this convention cannot carry the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts by 75,000 majority, I would advise them to sell out Faneuil hall as a Democratic headquarters. I would advise them to take from Bunker Hill that old monument of glory.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest in 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of high name and

approved political opinions. They demand a reformer as well as before the election. They demand a politician in the highest, broadest and best sense—a man of superb moral courage. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs, with the wants of the people; with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future. They demand a man broad enough to comprehend the relations of this government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties and prerogatives of each and every department of this government.

They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States; one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the property of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar; one who knows enough to know that the money must be paid, not by law, but by labor; one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that property and redemption, when they come, must come together; that when they come they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire-greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil.

This money has to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this government should protect every citizen at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will not defend its defenses and protect its protectors is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by a confederate congress. The man who has in full, heaped and rounded measure all these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the sanctity of the graces, asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience and brain beneath her flag. Such a man is James G. Blaine.

For the Republican host, led by this intrepid man, there can be no defeat.

This is a grand year—a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the past; with the sacred legends of liberty; a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiasm; a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which they call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander; for the man who has matched the mark of Democracy from the hideous face of rebellion; for the man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and like a still a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor.

For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their general upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now and has been for years the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and remaining free.

Gentlemen of the convention, in the name of the great republic, the only republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle, and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the next president of this country that prince of parliamentarians—that leader of leaders—James G. Blaine.

## CONKLING'S GREAT EFFORT.

His Speech Nominating Grant at Chicago in 1860.

And when asked what state he hailed from, he replied simply: "I hail from America."

Obedient instructions I should never dare to disregard. I rise in behalf of the state of New York to propose a nomination with which the country and the Republican party can grandly win. The election before us will be the Austerlitz of American politics. It will decide whether for years to come the country will be "Republican or Conkling." The need of the hour is a candidate who can carry doubtful states, north and south; and believing that he more surely than any other can carry New York against any opponent, and carry not only the north, but several states of the south, New York is for Ulysses S. Grant.

He alone of living Republicans has carried New York as a presidential candidate. Once he carried it even according to a Democratic count, and twice he carried it by the people's vote, and he is stronger now. The Republican party, with its standard in his hand, is stronger now than in 1860 or 1872. Never defeated in war or in peace, his name is the most illustrious borne by any living man; his services attest his greatness, and the country knows them by heart. His fame was born not alone of things written and said, but of the arduous greatness of things done, and done

and emergencies will search in vain in the future, for any other on whom the nation leans with such confidence and trust. Standing on the highest eminence of human distinction, and having filled all lands with his renown—modest, firm, simple and self-poised—he has seen not only the titled but the poor and the lowly in the utmost ends of the world rise and uncover before him. He has studied the needs and defects of many systems of government, and he comes back a better American than ever, with a wealth of knowledge and experience added to the hard common sense which so conspicuously distinguished him in all the fierce light that beat upon him throughout the most eventful, trying and perilous sixteen years of the nation's history.

Never having had "a policy to enforce against the will of the people," he never betrayed a cause or a friend, and the people will never betray or desert him. Vilified and reviled, truthfully assailed by numerous presses, not in other lands, but in his own, the assaults upon him have strengthened and seasoned his hold upon the public heart. The ammunition of calumny has all been expended; the powder has all been burned once, its force is spent, and General Grant's name will glitter as a bright and imperishable star in the diadem of the republic when those who have tried to tarnish it will have moldered in forgotten graves and their memories and epithets have vanished utterly.

Never elated by success, never depressed by adversity, he has ever in peace, as in war, shown the very genius of common sense. The terms he prescribed for Lee's surrender foreshadowed the true principles and prophecies of reconstruction.

Victor in the greatest of modern wars, he quickly signified his aversion to war and his love of peace by an arbitration of international disputes which stands as the wisest and most majestic example of its kind in the world's diplomacy. When inflation, at the height of its popularity and frenzy, had swept both houses of congress, it was the veto of Grant which, single and alone, overthrew expansion and cleared the way for specie resumption. To him, immeasurably more than to any other man, is due the fact that every paper dollar is as good as gold.

With him as our leader we shall have no defensive campaign, no apologies or explanations to make. The shafts and arrows have all been aimed at him and he broken and barless at his feet. Life, liberty and property will find safeguard in him. When he said of the black man in Florida, "Wherever I am they may come also," he meant that, had he the power to help it, the poor dwellers in the cabins of the south should not be driven in terror from the homes of their childhood and the graves of their murdered dead. When he refused to receive Denis Kearney he meant that lawlessness and communism, although it should dictate laws to a whole city, would everywhere meet a foe in him, and popular or unpopular, he will lead to the line of right, let the chips fly where they may.

His integrity, his common sense, his courage and his unequalled experience are the qualities offered to his country. The only argument against accepting them would come from Solomon. He thought there could be nothing new under the sun. Having tried Grant twice and found him faithful, we are told we must not, even after an interval of years, trust him again.

What stultification does not such a fallacy involve! The American people exclude Jefferson Davis from public trust. Why? Because he was the arch traitor and would be destroyer. And now the same people are asked to ostracize Grant and not trust him. Why? Because he was the arch preserver of his country; because, not only in war, but afterward, twice as a civic magistrate, he gave his highest, noblest efforts to the republic. Is such absurdity an electrifying juggling or hypocrisy's masquerade?

There is no field of human activity, responsibility or reason in which rational beings object to Grant because he has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting, and because he has had unequalled experience, making him exceptionally competent and fit. From the man who shows your horse to the lawyer who pleads your case, the doctor who hands you your life, or the minister who seeks to save your souls, what now do you reject because you have tried him and by his works have known him? What makes the presidential office an exception to all things else in the common sense to be applied to selecting its incumbent? Who dares to set fetters on the free choice and judgment which is the birthright of the American people?

Can it be said that Grant has used official power to perpetuate his plan? He has no plan. No official power has been used for him. Without patronage or power, without telegraph wires running from his house to the convention, without electioneering contrivances, without effort on his part, his name is on his country's lips, and he is struck at by the whole Democratic party because his nomination will be the deathblow to Democratic success. He is struck at by those who find offense and disqualification in the very service he has rendered and in the very experience he has gained. Show me a better man. Name one I am answered. But do not point as a disqualification to the very facts which make this man fit beyond all others. Let not experience disqualify or excellence impeach him.

There is no third term in the case, and the pretense will die with the political dog days which engendered it. Nobody is really worried about a third term except those hopelessly longing for a first term and the dupes they have made. Without bureaus, committees, officials or emissaries to manufacture sentiment in his favor, without intrigue or effort on his part, Grant is the candidate whose supporters have never threatened to bolt. As they say, he is a Republican who never wavers. He and his friends stood by the crowd and the candidate of the Republican party, holding the right of a majority as the very essence of their faith, and refusing to uphold that faith against the common enemy and the thousands and thousands who

from time to time wagged between the lines and forage on one side or the other. The Democratic party is a standing protest against progress. Its purposes are apollitic. Its hope and very existence is a solid south. Its success is a menace to prosperity and order.

This convention is master of a supreme opportunity, can name the next president of the United States and make sure of his election and his peaceful inauguration. It can break the power which dominates and milder the south. It can speed the nation in a career of grandeur eclipsing all past achievements. We have only to listen above the din and look beyond the dust of an hour to behold the Republican party advancing to victory with its greatest marshal at its head.

## GARFIELD'S EULOGY OF SHERMAN.

Delivered at the Convention of 1880 That Nominated Garfield.

I have witnessed the extraordinary scenes of this convention with deep solicitude. No emotion touches my heart more quickly than a sentiment in honor of a great and noble character. But as I sat on these seats and witnessed these demonstrations it seemed to me you were a human ocean in a tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into a fury and tossed into a spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man. But I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the astronomer and surveyor takes the level from which he measures all terrestrial heights and depths.

Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people. When our enthusiasm has passed when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find the calm level of public opinion below the storm from which the thoughts of a might people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined. Not here in this brilliant circle where 15,000 men and women are assembled to decide the destiny of the republic to be decided; not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of 750 delegates waiting to cast their votes into the urn and determine the choice of their party, but by 4,000,000 Republican freemen, where the thoughtful fathers, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and love of country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and the knowledge of the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by—there God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work tonight. Not in Chicago in the heat of June, but in the sober quiet that comes between now and the melancholy days of November, in the silence of deliberate judgment, will this great question be settled. Let us aid them tonight.

But now, gentlemen of the convention, what do we want? Bear with me a moment. Hear me for this cause, and for a moment be silent that you may hear. Twenty-five years ago this republic was wearing a triple chain of bondage. Long familiarity with traffic in the bodies and souls of men had paralyzed the conscience of a majority of our people. The baleful doctrine of state sovereignty had shocked and weakened the noblest and most beneficent powers of the national government, and the grasping power of slavery was seizing the virgin territory of the west and dragging it into the den of eternal bondage.

At that crisis the Republican party was born. It drew its first inspiration from that fire of liberty which God has lighted in every man's heart, and which all the powers of ignorance and tyranny can never wholly extinguish. The Republican party came to deliver and save the republic. It severed the arena when the beleaguered and assailed territories were struggling for freedom, and drew around them the sacred circle of liberty which the demon of slavery has never dared to cross. It made them free forever. Strengthened by its victory on the frontier, the young party, under the leadership of that great man who, on this spot twenty years ago was made its leader, entered the national capital and assumed the high duties of the government. The light which shone from his banner dispelled the darkness in which slavery had enshrouded the capital, and melted the shackles of every slave and consumed, in the fire of liberty, every slave pen within the shadow of the Capitol.

Our national industries, by an impoverishing process, over the years prostrated, and the streams of revenue flowed in such feeble currents that the treasury itself was well nigh empty. The money of the people was the wretched notes of 2,000 uncontrolled and irresponsible state banking corporations, which was filling the country with a circulation that poisoned rather than sustained the life of business. The Republican party changed all this. It abolished the babel of confusion and gave the country a currency as national as its flag, based upon the sacred faith of the people. It threw its protecting arm around our great industries and they stood erect as with new life. It filled with the spirit of true nationality all the great functions of the government.

It confronted a rebellion of unexampled magnitude, over the slavery question, and under God fought the final battle of liberty; until victory was won. Then, after the storms of battle, were heard the sweet, calm words of peace uttered by the conquering nation, and saying to the conquered for that lay prostrate at its feet, "This is our only revenge; that you join us in lifting to the serene firmament of the constitution, to shine like stars for ever and ever, the immortal principles of truth and justice, that all men, white or black, shall be free and stand equal before the law."

Then came the question of reconstruction, the public debt and the public faith. In the settlement of the questions the Republican party has completed its twenty-five years of glorious existence, and it has sent us here to prepare it for another history of duty and of victory. How shall we do this great work? We cannot do it, my friends, by assailing our Republican brethren. God forbid

that I should say one word to cast a shadow upon any name on the roll of our heroes. This coming fight is our Thermopylae. We are standing upon a narrow isthmus. If our Spartan hosts are united we can withstand all the Persians that the Xerxes of Democracy can bring against us. Let us hold our ground this one year, for the stars in their courses fight for us in the future. The census taken this year will bring re-enforcements and continued power.

But in order to win this victory now we want the vote of every Republican, of every Grant Republican and every anti-Grant Republican in America, of every Blaine man and every anti-Blaine man. The vote of every follower of every candidate is needed to make our success certain; therefore I say, gentlemen and brethren, we are here to take calm counsel together and inquire what we shall do. We want a man whose life and opinions embody all the achievements of which I have spoken. We want a man who, standing on a mountain height, sees all the achievements of our past history and carries in his heart the memory of all its glorious deeds, and, looking forward, prepares to meet the labor and the dangers to come. We want one who will act in no spirit of unkindness toward those we lately met in battle.

The Republican party offers to our brethren of the south the olive branch of peace, and wishes them to return to brotherhood on this supreme condition, that it shall be admitted forever and forevermore, that in the war for the Union, we were right and they were wrong. On that supreme condition we meet them as brethren, and on no other. We ask them to share with us the blessings and honors of this great republic.

Now, gentlemen, not to weary you, I am about to present a name for your consideration—the name of a man who was the comrade and associate and friend of nearly all those noble dead whose faces look down upon us from these walls tonight; a man who began his career of public service twenty-five years ago, whose first duty was courageously done in the days of peril on the plains of Kansas, when the first red drops of that bloody shower began to fall which finally swelled into the deluge of war. He bravely stood by young Kansas then, and returning to his duty in the national legislature, through all subsequent time his pathway has been marked by labors performed in every department of legislation. You ask for his monuments. I point you to twenty-five years of national statutes. Not one great beneficent statute has been placed in our statute books without his intelligent and powerful aid. He aided these men to formulate the laws that raised our great armies and carried us through the war. His hand was seen in the workmanship of those statutes that restored and brought back the unity and married calm of the states. His hand was in all that great legislation that created the war currency, and in a still greater work that redeemed the promises of the government and made the currency equal to gold. And when at last called from the halls of legislation into a high executive office he displayed that poise, intelligence, firmness and peace of character which have carried us through a stormy period of three years. With one-half the public press crying "crucify him," and a hostile congress seeking to prevent success, in all this he remained unmoved until victory crowned him.

The great fiscal affairs of the nation, and the great business interests of the country, he has guarded and preserved, while executing the law of resumption and effecting its object without a jar and against the false prophecies of one-half of the press and all the Democracy of this continent. He has shown himself able to meet with calmness the great emergencies of the government for twenty-five years. He has trodden the perilous heights of public duty, and against all the shafts of malice has borne his breast unharmed. He has stood in the blaze of "that fierce light that beats against the throne," but his fiercest ray has found no flaw in his armor, no stain on his shield. I do not present him as a better Republican or as a better man than thousands of others we honor, but I present him for your deliberate consideration. I nominate John Sherman, of Ohio.

FRYE'S SPLENDID PLEA.

Made in Behalf of Blaine at the Convention of 1880.

Once saw a storm at sea in the night; an old ship battling for its life with the fury of the tempest; darkness everywhere; the winds raging and howling; the huge waves beating on the sides of the ship and making her shiver from stem to stern. The lightning was flashing; the thunders rolling; there was danger everywhere. I saw at the helm a bold, courageous, immovable, commanding man—in the tempest calm, in the commotion quiet, in the danger hopeful. I saw him take that old ship and bring her into her harbor, into still waters, into safety. That man was a hero. I saw the good old ship of state, the State of Maine, within the last year, fighting her way through the same waves, against the dangers. She was freighted with all that is precious in the principles of our republic—with the rights of the American citizenship, with all that is guaranteed to the American citizen by our constitution. The eyes of the whole nation were on her, and intense anxiety filled every American heart lest the grand old ship, the State of Maine, might go down beneath the waves forever, carrying her precious freight with her. But there was a man at the helm; calm, deliberate, commanding; he made even the foolish man who; courageous, he inspired the timid with courage; hopeful, he gave heart to the dismayed, and he brought that good old ship safely into harbor, into safety, and the fleet today greater, purer, stronger for her baptism of danger. That man, too, was heroic, and his name was James G. Blaine.

Maine went up to this magnificent convention with a memory of her own salvation from impending peril fresh upon her. To you representatives of 20,000,000 of the American people, who have met here to counsel how the republic can be saved, she says, "Representative-

Gives of the people, take the man, the true man, the staunch man, for your leader, who has just saved me, and he will bring you to safety and certain victory."

## SENATOR SPOONER FOR RUSK.

Eloquent Advocacy of Wisconsin's Favorite Son in 1880.

The rank and file of the Republican party look trustfully to this convention for wisdom, and they will tolerate no mistakes. They demand for leaders those who have walked the mountain ranges in full view of men, who have kept their feet out from the swamps and the bogs of life, whose careers afford no ambush ground for the enemy, whose adherence to the principles of the party have been "without variances or shadow of turning," who are strong in the robust and attractive qualities of leadership; men who came from the ranks of the people, who have borne the burdens of life common to the people; men whom the people may cheerfully, and without mental or moral protest, follow to the end—for what they have done and for what they are and for what they may be reasonably expected to do. We bring you such a man.

Tell me, some crowded, who live above the fog, in public duty and in private thinking.

Is it against him that he does not come from a doubtful state? I deny that fidelity to Republican principles has undergone such deterioration as to diminish the availability of one's candidacy in proportion as the unyielding Republicanism of the state in which he finds his home has placed her above suspicion of defection. If in this, however, I claim too much, if the voice of Wisconsin must fall upon unwilling ears because of the steadfastness of her political faith, so be it; but "by the same token" your candidate should not come from Maine or Pennsylvania or Ohio or Illinois or Michigan or Iowa.

Holding therefore to the highest standard of party duty and demanding the unadorned of all personal ambition to party warfare, bowing in advance to the decree of this convention, the Republicans of Wisconsin with enthusiastic unanimity have instructed their delegation to name to you as their choice for the first place one who, by a long life of conspicuous public service in diverse fields of effort, has proven his right to stand the peer of any man in stainless character, in patriotic devotion to the best interests of the country, in political sagacity, in unerring judgment of men, in heroic courage—many times shown amid the rush and whirl of battle—and in extraordinary executive capacity. His name is not unfamiliar to the country. It is Jeremiah M. Rusk, the honored governor of Wisconsin.

Too short.

He—Dear me, the days ought to have been made longer, don't you think?

She—I don't know.

He—Why, certainly they ought, you know. How can a fellow devote four times in twenty-four hours and have time left to accomplish anything?—Life.

A Straight Tip.

Sport—I say, Jack, can't you give me a tip on the races?

Jockey—I never give tips; I sell 'em.

Sport—Well, here's a five.

Jockey—Thanks. Don't bet on nothing; that's the straightest tip against losing your dust I know of.—Harper's Weekly.

A Test.

Conversation overheard on the beach between two children who were playing on the sand together. The small boy said to the little girl:

"Do you wish to be my little wife?"

The little girl, after reflecting:

"Yes."

The Small Boy—Then take off your boots!—London Tit-Bits.

The Only Remedy.

Merchant (to clerk who has drawn his attention to certain doubtful entries):

"Of course, I know it all along. The bookkeeper and cashier are a couple of thorough-paced knaves; regular cheats and villains, that's what they are! This thing must be stopped at once. Tomorrow I shall take the two of them into partnership.—Fitch.

Wonderful!

"They have wonderfully fast workmen over in the States," said the returned English traveler. "I was talking one day, I remember, to two fellows, when one of them jumped up and said he must go, as he had only five minutes left to make a street car."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Fault Finder.

"You were always a fault finder," growled the wife.

"Yes, dear," responded the husband meekly. "I found you."—Detroit Free Press.

## TWO ARE VERY OLD

And Both Have an Interesting History.

## WASHINGTON AND JEFF DAVIS

Traded at One and the Other to a Chances Hospital Where Consumptives Are Treated.

The United States is old enough to have some queer old houses and many that are very queer without being very old. In the Atlantic coast cities it is a curious study to trace the decline of an ancient structure. First it was an elegant colonial mansion, then a commoner dwelling; next a cheap store, and finally a "rookery," as in two centuries the city has grown away from the harbor. Down on the east side of New York, however, are some very original structures, and one at 18 and 15 Counties ship has a history.

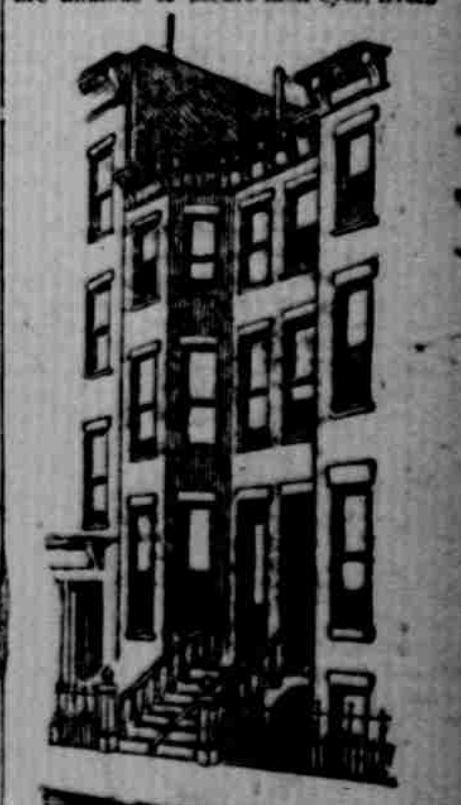
Away back in the last century the place had a good trade, and in 1808 Samuel Tooker ran a grocery store



NEW YORK'S OLDEST GROCERY.

There, to him that year came two brothers, by name Ralph and Benjamin Mead, from a Connecticut farm. They became his clerks and soon took the business. The firm sign is now "Edwin and Ralph Mead, Jr., & Co.," and though a new house was built in 1852, it already looks as aged as the old one. Ralph Mead made a fortune during the war of 1812-15, because a prominent citizen and lived to the age of eighty-five. In 1850 his nephews, Edwin and Ralph Mead, took the store. One of the new Meads was only a relative by marriage, but the old house prospered all the same. In early days vessels ran up the ship and little presents of fruit, etc., were handed into the window from the dock, but little by little the ship was filled in, Edwin Mead died in middle life and his brother died last August, and now the third generation of Meads has the store. On the old books appear the names of such customers as George Washington (in Samuel Tooker's time) and other Virginians, and later the name of Jefferson Davis. The Prince of Wales and Grand Duke Alexis both visited the old store.

There is an old residence at 43 Hicks street, Brooklyn, which has a history, but is now interesting chiefly because it is the only Chinese hospital on the Atlantic coast. There are now about 10,000 Chinese in and near New York and Brooklyn, and an organization known as the "King's Daughters for China," which has been doing missionary work among them for some time, incorporated this hospital in January, 1891. The superintendent, Dr. Joseph C. Thomas, is a Chinaman, but came to the United States young and speaks English with barely appreciable accent. He is a graduate of the Long Island College hospital, has an English wife and they live in the building where the hospital is. The singular feature of the case is that it is almost impossible to get the Chinese to accept medical aid from other races. Their native physicians or cite their prejudices, and many of them firmly believe that the "foreign devils" are anxious to secure their eyes, lives



BROOKLYN'S CHINESE HOSPITAL, and other important buildings, and which powerful drugs can be recommended. It is very difficult also to procure food which they relish. Nevertheless Dr. Thomas has already treated some eighty patients, and his work, of which he has but six, are generally successful. About half the patients are consumptive, and as they are Chinamen—natives of a warm climate—and never come to the hospital till made to go around, the mortality is very great.

Other things being equal, a building situated on a hill or other elevated location is more exposed to lightning than one situated on lower ground. The nearer the building is to the thunder cloud the less the resistance that the lightning has to overcome in order to reach it.